No. 4. PAGE 13

THE HIVE.

" BE THOU THE FIRST, OUR EFFORTS TO BEFRIEND,——HIS PRAISE IS LOST, WHO STAYS 'TILL ALL COMMEND."

WEDNESDAY, JULY 13, 1803.

FOR THE HIVE.

Yet what can satire, whether grave or gay?
It may correct a foible, may chastise
The freaks of fashion, regulate the dress—
Retrench a sword blade, or displace a patch;
But where are its sublimer trophies found?
What vice has it subdued? Whose heart reclaimed
By rigour? or whom laughed into a reform?

COWPER.

TO expose to merited contempt the follies and vices of any age or of any nation is the peculiar province of every man of sense and of every lover of the peace and happiness of society. But to do this with proper effect, requires the nicest touches of the pen. Few are competent to the task and none less so than the petty scribblers of the day. To wield the pen of satire with the cogency and elegancy of a Juvenal, a Pope or an Addison, is wielding it to some purpose. But how weak and spiritless are the remarks of many of our newspaper writers, when compared to those celebrated authors just mentioned. Their wit is as often ill-placed as it is void of foundation; and instead of destroying vice, increase it by those very means which were intended for its destruction.

To satirize human actions and manners, requires an extensive knowledge of human nature and a genius of the deepest penetration. Pride, vanity, and arrogance, are the characteristic traits of man, and owing to these he is ever cherishing whatever they may induce him to conceive will add to his person, his manners, and his station in life. He returns to the contemplation of his imaginary perfections like the imagination of a lover to the object of his affection. Biassed by a too great estimation of himself, whatever animadversions may be directed against his person or his conduct, and however pungent and just they may be in the eyes of those disinterested, yet though

" *Laughed at he laughs again; and stricken hard*
" *Turns to the stroke his adamantine scales,*
" *That fear no discipline of human hand.*"

Hence we may perceive the futility of those writings, which are intended for the reformation of the present age and forsooth too, more particularly, for the reformation of the most aimable and perfect of God's works—the fair. They may indeed, in the language of the energetic bard, "regulate the dress" or "displace a patch," and even here might we doubt their efficacy. The uncouth and illiberal manner in which they direct the whip of satire, if their writings deserve so high a name, destroys the end for which it was intended. And minds young, volatile and inexperienced, seldom view in a proper light, the improprieties of their conduct, unless the kind hand of an affectionate parent, or the pleasing, elegant, and instructive style of the Spectator is called in to their assistance.

Satire is either general or personal and generally tends to the one or the other of these extremes. *Here* through the medium of a newspaper, in modern times the vehicle of abuse and slander only, is presented to our view, and also to the view of foreigners, who are supposed to be little acquainted with our persons or our manners, pieces teeming with the most illiberal abuse of ourselves and our nearest and dearest relatives. *There* starts up an imaginary poet who conceives that the god of his nature had formed him for one, and to declare it to the world, writes what he calls poetical compositions, abounding with reflections the most personal, and tending to hurt the feelings of a much injured and unprotected person. The wound thus inflicted is like the wound of the stiletto, for it proceeds from an assassin's hand.

It is asked, what advantages have or will result from writings of the above nature? or what idea will strangers form of the inhabitants of the first inland town in the union, when they see our papers surcharged with such illiberality? Will they not, *must* they not, naturally form the conclusion, that we are void of all politeness, of all humanity, and of every nicer sense of feeling—and no more civilized than our tawney neighbors the Indians.

VASA.

THE LAZY LOVER.

THERE are some men so constitutionally indolent, that they will hardly move their limbs, or exercise their minds, though they might obtain considerable advantages by the use of their faculties; by inactivity they become a mere log in society, unsociable to their fellow-creatures, and take the most effectual method to deprive themselves even of the *pleasures* of *idleness*, which are enjoyed with the truest relish, after a temporary bustle in the world, and render the luxury of an easy chair exquisite. By indolence much may be lost, and little gained: lazy fellows are often punished for their sluggishness, and lazy lovers are particularly unaimable.

Among all the young fellows in the university, Charles Easy found not any academic of a more indolent disposition than himself:—lounging was his dear delight, study his sincere aversion, never so happy as when he sauntered up and down the walks, or sat, lost in waking dreams, upon his sofa; his tutor had very little trouble with him, and rather encouraged his affection for repose, than spurred him to acquire renown by poring over Greek roots and Hebrew points.

Charles, naturally addicted to sloth, neglected his studies, as he knew his father could give him a fortune sufficient to support him like a gentleman; he therefore considered his further progress in learning a work of supererogation, and so made himself extremely easy, taking care to induce his father to believe he was qualifying himself for a bishoprick, that he might not find any diminution in his remittances.

Charles presumed upon his inheritance too much. In the midst of his idleness, he received a letter, which (lazy as he was) threw him into some agitation; it informed him, that by the failure of a capital house in the city, his father was become a bankrupt, and that his remittances would be stopped, till his affairs were recovered from the state of confusion they were in.

Charles grew too indolent to make any retrenchments, and consequently ran in debt; his debts increased, his creditors grew clamorous, he was arrested, and thrown into prison. In prison, however, Charles did not long remain. A lady of fortune, who had for some time wished to see him pay his addresses to her, that she might not be reduced to the indelicacy of making the first

overtures, waited on him, and generously redeemed him from captivity. She not only discharged the debt, but presented him with a purse of guineas, and when she took leave of him, dropped broad hints that it would be his own fault if he did not render himself master of every thing in her possession.—Charles, on the lady's departure, was too much struck with her generosity, to think of her in any other light than that of an amiable being, actuated by the pure spirit of benevolence; but when he recollected her encouraging hints, he found himself stimulated to attack her in the character of a lover:—he did so, and met with a gracious reception, and in a few weeks time the wedding-day was fixed; but on that very day he forfeited all pretensions to the favor of the liberal fair one, by a relapse into his former laziness. Instead of rising with the alacrity of a bridegroom to wait upon his bride, he overslept himself, and though he was summoned repeatedly to the temple of Hymen, could not be prevailed on to part with his pillow. By the indolence of her lover upon so animating an occasion, the lady's resentment was justly provoked; nor could Charles, by all he could say when he went, after the canonical hour, to apologize for his drowsiness, procure the nomination of another day for the celebration of his nuptials.—He was heard without being regarded, and dismissed with contempt.

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THE DANGER OF A KISS.

.....The coy yielded kiss
Charms most, and gives the most sincere delight.
Cheapness offends: hence on the harlot's lip
No rapture hangs, however fair she seem,
However formed for love, and amorous play.
Hail, Modesty! fair female honor hail!
Beauty's chief ornament, and Beauty's self!
For Beauty must with Virtue ever dwell;
And thou art Virtue; and without thy charms
Beauty disgusts, and Wit is insolent.

THERE is nothing so dangerous to a young woman, as suffering a man she does not dislike, to approach her lips; which too often, when most silent, betray the feelings and the dictates of the inmost soul. This caution is not peculiarly confined to the maiden, but equally extends to the wife. And so sensible were the wisest and greatest Romans of the danger of this indelicacy, that Manilius was struck from the list of senators, for daring to salute his wife in the presence of his daughters.

It is not that there is any immediate criminality in a mere kiss; but it is a freedom which, when allowed, leads to greater familiarities. It is an introduction to something more capital; it is the first page of the preface to seduction and adultery. If a married women would reflect upon the dignity and honor of her condition, she would be as cautious of yielding a kiss to a stranger (for all men should be strangers but the husband to her lips) as yielding her virtue; for the woman who suffers any kind of dalliance from a man, reduces her consequence, and gives crude suspicions to the world of her character. Women may be cheerful and gay, without giving their hands and mouths to testify their good nature and ease. It is the same with the virgin. If she suffers herself to be pulled about and toyed with, and kissed, she would find those very gallants the foremost to blow upon her fame. It is an idle flippery custom, and practised by no people publicly, but the English.

If ladies would in general attentively attend to this observation, we should see fewer unhappy marriages; for I am confident, that the woman who returns a kiss, means to give a silent assent to the man's desires. It is a circumstance which rarely fails, when the man is ungenerous enough to pursue the encouragement.

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THE HUSBAND'S COMPLAINT AGAINST A GOOD WIFE.

Mr. Editor,

I AM one of those persons, who have the misfortune to have what is generally termed, a good wife. She is, I confess, sober and industrious; and she is fully of opinion that sobriety and industry are the essential qualifications of a wife. My linen, my house, &c. are kept in excellent repair; my breakfast, dinner, and supper provided at regular hours; my house, under her directions, is always remarkably clean; and she strictly performs the duty of a mother towards her children. Pluming herself upon these perfections, she is in every other respect, the most disagreeable woman living. If the maid by accident happens to break a tea-cup or saucer, the house is in a commotion for three or four days; and neither I nor any of the children dare open our mouths to this immaculate woman, for fear of sharing some of the abuse which she so lavishly bestows upon her maid. She generally has a baker's dozen of servants in the course of a year; and they chiefly turn out so very bad in her opinion, that she refuses to give them a character to enable them to engage in the service of another. The last maid we had, she turned away because she was so careless that she fell down stairs and hurt herself; this she deemed an unpardonable crime.—Not long ago she discharged another for wearing white stockings, imagining, I suppose, they were too alluring for me to look at; another, because she turned her toes inward, and she was afraid the children would copy her manner of walking; she sent away a very fine girl because she wore a white cap; but most of them turn themselves away, because, they say, she is such an intolerable vixen, that they would rather live with the d——l than with her. My misfortune is, that it is not in my power to turn myself away, or, believe me, sir, I would not give a moment's warning; for she uses me, if possible worse than her maids; and, when I expostulate with her about her conduct, she tells me I am the happiest man in the world.

"You are *blessed* with a wife," says she, "that does not spend her time and money in going to balls and plays;—a sober frugal wife;—a woman of more economy than any in the county—infinitely too good for you."

She then, perhaps, abuses me half an hour without intermission; and I am obliged to suffer in silence; for should I presume to reply, the contest would last the whole day. I wish, sir, you would inform me what are the necessary steps to be taken with such a woman: for I should be much happier with one who is *idle* and a *drunkard*, than with such a *sober*, *virtuous*, *industrious* woman as my wife.

Your humble servant,

SOLOMON SUGARLOAF.

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CHARACTER OF A PERFECT MAN.

IN drawing the character of a perfect MAN, let us premise that we shew him of no rank or class exclusively.

He is the child of virtue and of reason. The one he loves by natural disposition; the other guides him in the practice of her dictates. From the strength of his reason, he is the zealous friend to order—from the virtuous ardor of his spirit, he is an adorer of liberty. Without the due restraint of law, he fears he might be vicious—without the energy of freedom, he feels he should be mean. He would neither have his evil tendencies indulged, nor his virtuous impulses repressed. So strong his hatred of vice, that he will bind himself to punish it, even in himself—so proud his jealousy of unjust force, that he will perish rather than obey it even in a trifle. A child might shame him could he be guilty—the world cannot make him shrink, conscious of his innocence:—To admonition he is a reed—to violence a rock.

The virtues most congenial to his soul are, courage, integrity, generosity, and compassion.

His compassion and generosity are inseparable. A tale of sorrow melts him; and pity flows from him in a shower of gold. The humanity of conquerors that save their enemies, is more congenial to his soul than the desire of victory itself.

His integrity is inflexible. In all his dealings he is open, fair, ingenious. He neither suspects others of mean artifices, nor will he stoop to it himself. Would he *gain a great commercial credit, to this characteristic must he owe it.* Nor is he at any time a boaster; for knowing the deceptions of self-

love, he fears lest they should lead him into falshood; when most he has deserved condemnation, he can with patience bear to lose it; even envy and unjust reproach he can despise; the consciousness of having done his best, supports him; but praise unmeritted is shame and torture to him.

His courage is neither irritable nor ambitious. He will even bear injuries, till well assured that they are so intended; and then he seeks for justice, not revenge—for compensation, not retaliation. Secure in native dignity, he wastes no time in useless bustle to display his consequence. When the hour for action comes, he acts with vigor and effect; when that is over, he enjoys tranquility as his reward, well-earned and welcome.

His religion is rational and firm; equally remote from the folly of superstition, and the impudence of infidelity. He is among the first to reject the gross *corruptions* of the christian faith—he will be the last to countenance a *worse* conception on pretence of reformation. His strength of reason teaches him in what points human intellects must be weak; and he will never boast his knowledge, where he feels his ignorance.

He venerates the constitution of his country. Innovation, proceeding from levity, he contemns: attended with cruelty or public danger he abhors. He reveres the executive with some restrictions—he loves his country without any; nor will he lightly rise against the one, nor throw the other into anarchy or confusion. To politics he may be addicted; and perhaps may have a predilliction for a party: but when the public is in danger, he forgets all subdivisions, and knows no party but his country.

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A DANGEROUS WOMAN.

THE daughter of a barrister, at the death of her father, found herself in possession of a small competence. She was tenderly attached to a feeble mother who led a retired life, yet her own excellencies gave her an enlarged circle of acquaintance, but when she appeared in family or private parties, unhappily she was too much distinguished. The other females were neglected, and in proportion as the men admired, the ladies of course hated. They sifted her conduct for a pretext to have her abandoned, but in vain. A maiden of fortune, who from her riches was allowed to give the tone to the opinions of her acquaintance, declared that Miss **** was *a very dangerous woman*; the word hit: they severally pronounced with a shake of the head in all their parties that such *a one* although very elegant and very engaging was a dangerous woman. The girls said this to their brothers, and the wives to their husbands; and they only spoke truth, for when she was present they were all in danger of being overlooked.

Coolness soon turned to estrangement, and this poor creature found at three and twenty, every door shut against her. A female friend to sooth her uneasiness, told her the cause,—"You are believed to be a dangerous woman."—The word was a death stroke to her heart; what could she do to parry it? It implied every thing, without specifying any thing. Had they imputed any vice to her, the whole tenor of her life would have been its refutation. Sinking under the blow, she pined in secret, and her constitution was undermined—had she made the just translation of this invidious word, she had been less bitterly affected—for when they called her dangerous, they only meant that she was ATTRACTIVE. Her wretched mother by the advice of a physician, carried her to Bath. Change of objects and amusement, restored her spirits, her health, and her charms—but that she might not lose her reputation of being dangerous, a man of affluent fortune declared himself in danger of losing his peace on her account. She withdrew the reserve that had chilled him; marriage followed, and this *dangerous woman* now moves in a circle far above that from which she was chased; and when the women pursue her with envy, she takes refuge in the arms of a doating husband.

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COMMUNICATED FOR THE HIVE.

"*Think, mortal, what it is to die!*"

TO bid farewell to all below the sun—to dissolve connexion with all that now gives pleasure or pain—to launch away to a world unknown, are ideas included in the dissolution of that mysterious tie, which unites the immortal tenant to a house of clay.—What scenes of wonder and amazement will unfold, when once the curtain drops, is known only to those who have made the experiment.

Must we shortly close our eyes on all terrestrial scenes? Why then should we distract our minds with anxiety in the various pursuits of life? Why toil to heap up treasures we are soon to leave? Why harbor envy in our breasts at those who are high fed in the lap of fortune; when we know that a few revolving suns will bring the period when death shall demolish all distinctions, but those of virtue and vice? Why cherish resentment, even against our most inveterate enemies? A few moments, and the lamp of life is extinguished, and with it both their love and their hatred. Why value ourselves on the advantages of birth, the attainments of learning, or the blandishments of beauty? The grave knows none of these. The rich and the poor, the prince and the cottager, the learned and the illiterate, here mingle in one common mass; and beauty, tho' once a rival of Venis, is here a repast for worms. One consideration more applies itself with peculiar force, because it involves eternal consequences. Do we believe that we are beings designed for an endless existence, and that this life is a state of probation? Shall we then suffer the objects of a day to engross our whole attention? Shall we spend our lives in pursuit of a bubble, while we acknowledge, that, short as is the race of life, we run for an eternal prize?—Forbid it heaven! Nor let it ever be said, that rational beings act a part so absurd.

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FOR THE HIVE.

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03.

The first talent on which my wife piqued herself, was high spirit. The tame acquiescence of Mrs. Shandy she utterly despised, and indeed gave numerous and forcible proofs of the contrary extreme. For instance, she spoilt me a famous edition of Pope's Works, by throwing a volume into the fire, in which the author had stigmatized some lady in these words: "*No ass more meek, no ass more obstinate.*" She next tore the cover from a volume of Swift's Letters, because he called her sex a race hardly above monkies. Her third stretch of prerogative was displayed, by throwing Congrieve's Plays out of the window, because in one of them he had declared,

"*That women are like tricks by slight of hand,*
"*Which to admire, we should not understand.*"

Nay, she proceeded so far as to send an elegant edition of Orlando Furicso to the pastry-cook, because Ariosto expressed a wish that Angelica had fallen a sacrifice to the frenzy of Orlando; and actually banished poor Virgil from the house, because he had given her sex a neuter gender, and inveighed against them as "*varium et mutabile.*" These diminutions of my library, only served to increase my admiration for my wife, as I considered them fresh proofs of that independent spirit, which is so necessary to enable women to bear up against our encroaching sex, and is so rare to be met with, in our squeamish days.

The next quality in my catalogue, for which I have to compliment my Phœbe, is her contempt of dress. It is a notorious fact, that many women ruin their husbands merely in silk, lace, and muslin. My spouse is so far from running into extravagance in these articles, that I verily believe she has not two yards of either in her possession. Her general dress is a linen robe, floating loosely about, and fastened at the breast with a Roman fibula. In this robe, and an old pair of sandals, she is accustomed to wander through the woods, or by the side of some purling stream, with all the solemnity of an ancient sage.

The third virtue which Phœbe boasts is chastity. This you will acknowledge is no bad quality in a wife. With what rapture have I heard her read Ariosto's account of

POETRY.

FOR THE HIVE.

MR. M'DOWELL,

If the following versification retains the least spirit of the "immortal Ossian" by giving it a place in your paper, you will oblige

any other light than that of an amiable being, actuated by the pure spirit of benevolence; but when he recollected her encouraging hints, he found himself stimulated to attack her in the character of a lover:—he did so, and met with a gracious reception, and in a few weeks time the wedding-day was fixed; but on that very day he forfeited all pretensions to the favor of the liberal fair one, by a relapse into his former laziness. Instead of rising with the alacrity of a bridegroom to wait upon his bride, he overslept himself, and though he was summoned repeatedly to the temple of Hymen, could not be prevailed on to part with his pillow. By the indolence of her lover upon so animating an occasion, the lady's resentment was justly provoked; nor could Charles, by all he could say when he went, after the canonical hour to apologize for his drowsiness, procure the nomination of another day for the celebration of his nuptials.—He was heard without being regarded, and dismissed with contempt.

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When Arindal,* the mighty, was laid low;
When Daura, loveliest of her sex, did fail;
Fair as the moon on Fura† sea-beat vale;
White as the snow; sweet as the evening breeze,
That wafted gently, murmurs through the trees.
O! Arindal, thy bow was strong in war;
Thy spear was swift, in fields of bloody fight;
Thy look was like the mist on waves afar;
Thy shield like clouds and meteors of night.
Armar, the valient, the young Daura woo'd,
He was not long refused, nor long had sued,
Till friends gave sanction to his faithful love;
And envy in dark Erath's bosom mov'd.
For Erath's brother, was by Armin slain,
He dark disguis'd, like son of ocean came;
Fair was his skiff, on waves, and white his locks
Of age, like moss that grows upon the rocks;
Stern was his low'ring brow, tho' dark and wild—
Fairest of fair, he said, O! Armin's child;
A rock not distant in the sea, there rears
Its head a tree, and shining fruit it bears;
There Armar waits his Daura, and to prove,
I come to carry Daura to her love.
She went, she call'd for Armar, none were there,
But echo answer'd to her voice afar;
Armar, my love, why mak'st thou Daura fear,
'Tis Daura calls, hear, son of Arnart, hear.
Erath the traitor fled, and left the maid,
Then to her friends she loudly call'd for aid;
Her voice came o'er the sea, Arindal fear'd,
Then listen'd to the well known voice he heard;—
His arrows rattled, and his bow is bent,
His five grey dogs attend him as he went;
Fierce Erath, there he sought, and there he found,
He seiz'd, and to an aged oak him bound,
Thick, wind the thongs of hide,‡ around his limbs,
He loads with groans, incessantly the winds.
Young Arindal the sea glides quickly o'er,
To bring back Daura to her native shore;
Armar he came, swift flew the feather'd dart,
It sung and sunk, into Arindal's heart.
O! Arindal, my son, great was thy pain,
For Erath, that curs'd traitor, wast thou slain;
All sudden stopt the oar, then fell aside,
He panted on the rock, he droop'd, he died.
Thy grief, O! Daura, when thou dost behold,
Around thee pour in streams, thy brothers blood,
Thy boat is broke in twain, then Armar bold,
With ardor leaps into the boisterous flood,
To save his Daura; sudden blasts came o'er
The waves, o'erwhelm'd him, and he rose no more.

[*TO BE CONTINUED.*]

* *Son to Armin.*

† *Cold Island.*

‡ *The poet here only means that Erath was bound with leathern thongs.*

HUMOR.

ON a very hot day, a person thinly and openly dressed, sitting down in a violent perspiration, was cautioned against catching cold. "Catch it!" said he, wiping his face, "where? I wish I could catch it."

—⊙—

A very heavy complaint has been made against the authors of modern romances, full of ghosts, spectres, and murderers. The young ladies are so frightened, as to be afraid to sleep ALONE.

Those who wish to become subscribers, and to have THE HIVE from the beginning, must send their names to the Office immediately, otherwise they cannot be furnished with complete sets.

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A few of our patrons have neglected to pay their respective advances. *They will understand.*

—⊙—

ERRATA....In the 1st column of the 12th page the following typographical error occurred:—Third line of the first stanza, of the piece signed WILLIAM, for "*United*" read "*Unmatic'd.*"

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To Correspondents.

A subscriber will please to excuse us for postponing the lines written by a young gentleman of Philadelphia, to our next.

The production of X. Z. is too personal for publication. We wish our correspondents to observe, that we will not publish any thing of a personal nature, knowing it to be such.

J. I. in answer to Juvenis, *senior*, is under consideration.

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☞ *A share of public patronage is respectfully solicited.*

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